

146-325 1
2/6
K

THE
F A N.
A
Heroi-comical POEM.
IN
THREE CANTOS.

Dulce est desipere in Loco,

Printed for James Carlos, Bookseller, in the Dove-
Lane in Norwich, 1749.

11 A 1

11 A 1



43

7. 6.

520

THE DESIGN.

THE loss of a Lady's FAN, at a late assembly, gave rise to the following poem. Every thing else, that is built on that, is fictitious; and Lydia no more comes up to the original, than Belinda did to Miss Isabella Fermor. The painting of her FAN, is as imaginary, as the person that stole it; and, tho' not real, shews what a rich fund, for the pencil, there is in the scenes of Tom Jones: no weak argument for their beauty, when they still please, though stript of words. I hope this will prove a hint to some ingenious artist.

Machinery and ideal persons give poetry its life and name. Our tragic poet, who felt the power of this as much as any one ever did, informs us in these beautiful lines what a poet should be;

*The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heav'n to earth, from earth to
And, as imagination bodies forth (heav'n;
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shape, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation, and a name.*

Midsummer's Night's Dream.

Yet all ideal persons, tho' they once were, are not fit for poetry. The ancient theology is justly set a by the poets of the present age; and it is ridiculous to invoke the muses, or introduce any heathen god, whom we don't believe in them. There is nothing, in my opinion, that does more honour to the memory of our poet, than that of his having freed himself from the shackles of the old poetic faith, and given us, in the Rape of the Lock, a creation of new beings from the Rosacruzian scheme. That poem alone is sufficient to absolve him from the censure of wanting imagination.

It is still allow'd to personate the passions of the mind and the inanimate parts of the creation. This liberty I have taken, in the description of Zephir and his court; and, tho' he was a god, amongst the ancients, I use him in no other shape at present, but to stand for one of the elements. It is not inconsistent with some philosophy to imagine, that the Supreme Being may employ inferior spirits in superintending the operations of nature, to keep them still in action, which seems to be the present the great joy of mind. If it is so, we have a better excuse to indulge in imaginary scenes of this kind, than only because it gives pleasure, though truth is alone sufficient for the poet.

As to the versification and other parts of this poem I am intitled to say nothing. The reader will judge in that for himself.

THE
FAN.

A
HEROI-COMICAL POEM.

CANTO I.

YE gentlest powers of music ! who inspire
The tuneful soul, and raise the poet's fire,
Assist, with all your soft harmonious art,
To charm the ear, and touch the feeling heart.
If *Lydia* deigns to smile, these fancy'd lays
Can dread no censure, ask no other praise.

FROM envy, goddesses ! say what ills began ;
Kings lose their crowns, and *Lydia* lost her Fan.
The reigning beauty scarce a rival bears,
And sickens at a toast of fifteen years :
Clodio, the first in ev'ry modish taste,
Turns pale at *Plume's* short skirts, and longer waist ;
Sleep shuns the elder sister's streaming eyes,
If first the younger draws a marriage prize.
And if we may believe what poets sing,
Immortal breasts oft feel th'envenom'd sting ;
Passion takes place, the envy'd seems their foe,
And godships act just as we do below.

A

A favourite Fan fair *Lydia* possess'd,
 Prefer'd by her to the unnumber'd rest:
 For ladies take a liking to a Fan,
 They know not why, just as they do to man.
 Yet why so favour'd let me not conceal,
 She lov'd the toy, because she lov'd the tale.
 Within, the painter had employ'd his art
 To move the passions, and to please the heart;
 He guides the pencil, draws the living line,
 She gives the fancy and the bright design:
 The foundling's story touch'd the tender dame,
 The foundling story then was all her theme.

* THERE first, in lively Colours, was express'd
 The early workings of a gen'rous breast:
Tommy high-mounted on a branch appear'd,
 His hand just stretch'd to catch *Sophia's* bird;
 The branch gives way, you'd think you hear the sound,
 While underneath in lighter shades is found
 The deep canal, whose unrelenting wave
 Threatens poor *Tommy* with a wat'ry grave.
Bliss displays th' unnat'ral heart in paint,
 And *Sophy* even in colours seems to faint.

THE artist next employ'd his utmost skill,
 And passions rose obedient to his will.
Tom, kneeling, owns it was a fault indeed,

* In Imitation of *ACHILLES's Shield*, so nobly describ'd by HOMER.

But

But then that fault procur'd the needy bread.
 What scenes of misery, what deep distress?
 O! had you seen it, you'd have done no less.
Allworthy melts, the tears start in his eyes,
 And, pleas'd, admires his virtues with surprize.

NOT far the painter drew a tender scene,
 Such as nor verse can paint, nor words explain;
 'Twas when *Sophia*, thunder-struck, espy'd
Jones' broken arm hang dangling by his side:
 There looks of tenderness and pity strove
 To show regard just rip'ning into love.
 He smiles to see *Sophia* free from harm,
 And, wrapt in extasy, forgets his arm.

JONES, in the next design, was well repaid,
 The muff in danger now alarm'd the maid;
 She flies to save it from th' unpitying flame,
 And shows a something more than muff could claim.
 Love first displays his pow'r in *Jones*'s face,
 While *Western* in a laugh compleats the piece.

THE comic and the tragic next combin'd,
 To please the fancy, and divert the mind.
Moll Seagrim's bed-chamber the painter drew,
 Here hung a greasy cap, there lay a shoe;
 One hole admitted both the light and rain,
 One wisp of straw excluded both again:
 A fragment of a looking-glass stood near,

What

What time *Moll* had to spend, she spent it there.
Therugg falls down, *Square* shakes a bash'd with shame,
Moll seems to shriek, My honour! and my name!
Jones, from surprize recover'd, laughing stood,
 Forgives and owns the force of flesh and blood.

THE painter next a mournful tale had wrought,
 Where colours labour'd with expressive thought.
 An awful foe to vice *Allworthy* stands;
Jones pale and trembling hears his fixt commands,
 Acquits his judge, himself accuses most,
 Grieves at his fate, but more *Sophia* lost.

THE robber suppliant next demands his life,
 And pleads a starving family and wife;
Jones melts at this, you'd see his pity rise,
 His purse he gives him, and his wants supplies.
 A pale-fac'd comic figure lies hard by,
 And *Partridge* trembling dies, or seems to die.

THE pencil next display'd its utmost art,
 To draw a gen'rous deed and godlike part;
 The vary'd groupe the varying passions move,
 Repentance *Nightingale*, but *Nancy* love:
 A laughing face shows *Betsy's* little soul,
 While *Jones* in calmer transports feels the whole.
 Repay him, heav'n! the mother seems to say,
 For heav'n such goodness only can repay.

A deeper tincture reddens on the cheek,
 Somewhat they want, yet know not what to seek ;
 The youth perceives his blood more briskly move,
 He thinks all day , and dreams all night of love.

THE power who in the wint'ry months bears sway,
 Whom tempests hear, and stormy winds obey,
 Leaves for a while his boist'rous * cave, and binds
 Round the north pole in icy chains the winds,
 A gentler deity succeeds by far,
 Quells the rude elements, and smooths the air.

Zephyr, for so they call the gentle god,
 Holds his gay court amidst a shady wood ;
 No lofty palace strikes the eye, but bow'rs
 Rise richly deckt with ever-blooming flow'rs ;
 Aloft the jessamine and the rose unite,
 And full-bloom'd hathorn shows its silver white.

Zephyr reclines upon a violet bed,
 While gales and breezes hover round his head ;
 Airs, vernal airs unnumber'd wing the air,
 Their task to melt the snow, or snowy fair,
 T'abate in ev'ning hours the scorching heat,
 Or cool a lover in the feverish fit.

Two lovely goddesses the power attends,
 Confin'd to diff'rent spheres and diff'rent ends ;

* *Vid.* VIRG. *Eneid* 1. *Line* 52.

Flora o'er vegetating life presides,
 And with a nosegay half her beauty hides ;
 Her hair hangs down with flow'ry garlands ty'd,
 Her robe bright *Iris* in the rain-bow dy'd ;
 The flow'rs she blows, the tender blossoms spreads,
 Green mantles weaves, and throws them o'er the meads.

THE goddess *Love* a brighter scepter sways,
 O'er all the earth, and air, and boundless seas ;
 To her the gentle province is consign'd,
 To pour ethereal mildness o'er the mind :
 The feather'd race, who mount on soaring wing,
 Confess her impulse, and her praises sing ;
 The rougher beast, who triumphs o'er the fields,
 Here only fails, here only tribute yields :
 Man feels her power, he feels the golden chain ;
 He calls on reason, but he calls in vain :
 Into the female heart she finds some door,
 And virgins dread that monster man no more.

A while the god his flow'ry throne resigns,
 Leaves his gay bowers, and shakes his dewy wings ;
 The next'rous moisture fell on all around,
 Swell'd the soft glebe, and fertilis'd the ground ;
 Where e'er he flew the earth unlocks her stores,
 Spreads the deep blush, and pours forth all her flowers.

A piece came next which horribly alarms,
Where *Fellamour* attacks *Sophia's* charms ;
You dread th' event, till thro' the half-op'd door,
Western gives ease, who never did before.

THAT piece came last, where urg'd by sweet com-
Sophia with her heart resigns her hand ; [mand
Such winning beauties, such excelling Grace,
The painter, trust me, drew *Maria's* face,
Her heav'n-touch'd looks, her gentle winning air,
And from a real rais'd th' imagin'd fair.
Her hand *Jones* presses to his eager lip,
Allworthy smiles, and *Western* seems to skip.

Along the circling edge he drew the * skies,
In shining colours and in varying dyes ;
The vernal clouds tipt round with lucid hue,
Hang o'er the whole, and terminate the view.

SAY, happy *Fielding*, can thy laurell'd brow
Give half that joy, as *Lydia* gives thee now ?
Say, could you hope thy scenes would leave behind
Such deep impression, and so touch the mind ?
When female sense and female softness meet
To praise thy work, thy work is sure compleat.

THE modish Toy perform'd its modish Airs,
Nor even in † Exercise a rival bears ;

* In Allusion to the Sea, which flows round *ACHILLES's* Shield.

† Vid. Spectators, N^o. 102, from whence these Phrases are borrow'd.

When, to unfurl at once, the sign was made,
 The spokes move slowly, and the Fan's display'd ;
 But when discharge is the succeeding word,
 The crack, you'd swear, at least a mile was heard ;
 A file entire of beaux, 'tis whisper'd round,
 Oft fell a victim to the mortal sound ;
 As heroes swords, so ladies wear a Fan,
 Scarce less destructive than these swords to man.

Whene'er the sultry *Dog-Star* taints the air,
 And threatens with a fainting fit the fair,
 Or from the crowded dance the heated dame
 Retires, with heaving breasts, to cool her flame,
 She courts its aid, she courts its gentle breeze,
 To quench th' internal fires, and give her ease ;
 Nor asks in vain, the little fluttering toy
 Raises fresh vigour, and renews the joy.

THIS Fan she guarded with assiduous care,
 It always went t' assembly, play, and pray'r ;
 The psalms and it were lock'd in the same place,
 And lay 'midst *Brussels* heads and *Mecklin* lace ;
Lydia to none th' important charge confides,
 Nor durst he touch it, who touch'd all besides.

C A N T O II.

NOW fields look'd green, the blooming Trees
 were gay,
 And maids began to feel approaching *May*,

F A I R *Zephiretta*, as one day she pass'd,
Was rudely handled by an eastern blast ;
'Tis pretty certain, tho' no man can tell,
As he was ugly, 'twas against her will.
Hence sprung the little *Eurilus*, a sp'rit,
Sharp as his father, and for mischief fit.

† *Peg*, when she treads as *Hector's* queen the stage,
Boasts not to bear her train so quick a page ;
Tho' bred to wit, hears all the green-room jokes,
Gets plays by heart, and reads *Peg's* bawdy books.
'Twas game to him, if *Zephir* was not there,
To nip a flower, or spoil a lady's hair ;
To blast the rising prospect of the year,
Or make a damsel's foot (nay more) appear.

P R O U D of the task, he enters *Lydia's* room,
And perch'd on a curl, meditates her doom.
As *Satan*, on mankind's destruction bent,
Forgets at sight of *Eve* his dire intent ;
So *Eurilus*, with *Lydia's* beauty charm'd,
Neglects his orders, and is half disarm'd ;
He views those charms which mind alone bestows,
That smile which only from pure reason flows ;
He feels, if evil sp'rit can feel a joy,
And saw whate'er he wish'd for, but the toy.

† Mrs. WOFFINGTON.

C A N T O III.

C A N T O III.

IT chanc'd as *Lydia's* evil stars decreed,
 For in the stars is wrote each weighty deed,
 That fatal night the *Norwich* belles and beaux,
 Flush'd with the hopes of vict'ry, arm'd as foes.
 Th' assembly-room was chosen for the plain,
 The dance alone determines who shall gain;
 No harsher sound than musick to be heard,
 No other wounds, than wounds of love were fear'd.

As *Homer's* Heroes, e'er they seek the field,
 First dress in form with helmet, sword, and shield,
 Our heroines thus display'd their mortal arms,
 Alas! too fatal, in their naked charms.

* Whate'er th' industrious needle had subdu'd,
Dresden's whole work and *Mecklin's* by them stood;
 For them the sea gives up its pearly stores,
 And rich *Potosi* yields its golden ores;
 To grace their necks the sun exalts its gem,
 And even the silk-worm only lives for them.
 These *Betty* chooses as they fit the fair,
 Nor leaves unguarded even a single hair,

* *Whate'er the Roman virtue has subdu'd,
 The sun's whole course, the day and year, are Cæsar's ;
 For him the self-devoted Decii dy'd ;
 The Fabii fell, and the great Scipio conquer'd ;
 Even Pompey fought for Cæsar.*

C A T O.

† Alas!

IT chanc'd as o'er *Norwegian* plains he pass'd,
 Her crowded tea-table fair *Lydia* grac'd;
 The china *Betty* sets in reg'lar rows,
 And wisely counts a cup for every nose;
 A beauteous tea-pot, in the centre plac'd,
 Proud of its bulky form, o'ertops the rest;
 So have I seen some large delicious fish
 Attract the guests, while smelts surround the dish.
 The cups now handed round, some sip, some chat,
 Some praise the tea, and talk of this and that;
 " Madam, I hope, the tea is to your taste? ---
 " To me * *Gunpowder* always is a feast.---
 " These fireworks sure will never be play'd off.---
 " Madam, I hope, your tea is sweet enough?---
 " I wish them o'er, I dread some broken bones.---
 " Pray tell me, madam, have you read *Tom Jones*?-
 " One volume I had patience to read through,
 " 'Twas such low stuff; but I'm no judge, you know.
 " Nor I, reply'd fair *Lydia* again,
 " But yet I wish those six had been sixteen.---
 Now o'er her face the rosy current flow'd,
 Her neck turn'd red, her cheeks with blushes glow'd;
 The Fan affords her aid, which never fails,
 And gently cools her with delicious gales;

* *A new Sort of Tea so called.*

So stern *Achilles* melts, as *Homer* sings,
 Whene'er he touch'd the lyre's melodious strings.

Zephyr hard by astonish'd sees the whole,
 Alarms unfelt before disturb his soul ;
 His visage thrice turn'd pale, thrice flam'd with fire,
 Now chang'd with envy, and now chang'd with ire ;
 Scarce from his fault'ring tongue these accents fell,
 And can that toy my utmost power excel ?
 The breeze that steals fresh odours from the rose,
 Or gently o'er a bank of violets blows,
 That breaths along *Arabia's* spicy coast,
 Can never half such fragrant sweetness boast.
 What tho' I reign o'er all the *Torrid Zone*,
 While nations fly for ease to me alone ;
 What tho' I rule three seasons of the four,
 While *Summer*, *Spring*, and *Autumn* own my power ;
 Weak is my sceptre, and my empire vain,
 If *Lydia's* Fan and not a god must reign.
 It must not be, the world shall mark the end,
 When mortals with immortals dare contend,
 Come, little *Eurilus*, my orders hear,
 With haste fly hence, and strictly watch that fair ;
 You saw the flutt'ring toy she lately bore ;
 Steal it, or never dare to see me more ;
 He spoke, and frantick to his bow'r repairs,
 Where love and *Flora* join to ease his cares.

† Alas! what deaths those daring youths attend,
 Who face such foes, and with such arms contend?
 What bleeding Hearts shall *Chapel-Fields* behold?
 While *Dresden* ruffles fall on vests of gold.

Lydia, unfixt as yet to go or stay,
 Review'd th' unlucky omens of the day;
 She dreamt the night before, that from her mouth
 Dropt, without cause, O! fatal dream, a tooth.
 A curst hare, when she went out to stray
 Thro' dewy fields, ran just athwart her way;
Tom, thinking on his sweet-heart, spilt the salt,
 And knives cross'd forks, unpardonable fault.

I F all be true my nurse and aunt have said,
 Some dire misfortune hovers o'er my head:
 My guardian angel surely sends them down,
 To save my ankle, or preserve my gown.
 But why should omens, which the wise despise,
 Seem of such mighty weight in female eyes;
 For once I'll break thro' all the nursery rules,
 And show that we no more than men are fools.
 But wisdom bids me never trust to chance,
 And rather keep two legs than have a dance;

† Heu, quantæ miseris cædes Laurentibus instant!
 Quas pœnas mihi, Turne, dabis! quam multa sub undis
 Scuta virum, galeasq; & fortia corpora volves,
 Thybri pater.

VIRG. *Eneid* 8. Line 537.

I'll play at cards --- she said --- the bell was rung,
And *John* now hurry'd plies the sounding thong.

Alas! when once 'tis in the book of fate,
Precaution fails and wisdom comes too late;
The utmost human sense can nought avail,
Men fall in love, and maidens must be frail.

Now *Eurilus* on filken pinions flies,
And sees a distant gleam of hope arise;
Men he has seen the sport oft of a card,
And ladies are not always on their guard.

Say, goddess! now what heroines of the night,
Clad in their heav'n-wrought armour, seek the fight.
Venusta first shines in celestial arms,
For love had given her more than half her charms;
The fairest features with the softest soul,
And outward mildness to set off the whole.
Next *Sacharissa* on the plain is seen,
Of faultless shape, and of majestick mein;
Th' unhappy youth, who sees her, is undone,
And the fond mother weeps her heedless son.
Pudica next, unknowing of her power,
Renders by that her vict'ry more secure,
There modesty enthron'd deals out each grace,
O! were we greater, or she somewhat less.
Where can the poet fit expressions find,
Sense to describe, or draw the piercing mind?

Th'

Th' unerring judgment, as *Judicia's*, fit
 To manage whisk, or fit a judge on wit?
 There moves *Camilla*, fair as † looming *May*,
 Sprightly, good-humour'd, affable and gay;
 Each nimble Step now answers to the sound,
 She treads on air, and seems to scorn the ground.
 Weak are my efforts and unfit my lays,
 To give each dame her proper share of praise.

T H E goddess too, for she saw all, could tell
 What beaux were wounded, and what heroes fell;
 What hapless youths lay breathless on the plain,
 Whom *Saxe's* thunder had but spar'd in vain;
 What female breasts receiv'd a passing dart,
 And female breasts, I'm told, contain a heart:
 But these she trusts not to the vulgar ear,
 Fit only for love's votaries to hear.
 O! let me never on the ocean fail,
 With one who lover's secrets does reveal;
 May he ne'er have a mistress, nor a friend,
 To smoothe his life, and meet poor * *Hesiod's* end.

While doubtful yet the bloody battle rag'd,
 Fair *Lydia* now at commerce was engag'd;
 Two aces firmly stood, an useless card
 Was oft chang'd in hopes to catch a third.

* *The Story of Hesiod is to be seen in that beautiful Poem of PARNELL's
 called Hesiod, or the Rise of Woman.*

Eurilus

Eurilus observ'd each motion of her soul,
 And on a *Coup de Maitre* trusts the whole ;
 He saw her ready to give up the chace,
 And thrusts into her hand the wish'd for ace.
 Her thoughts now fluttering on vict'ry ran,
 And to her silken lap commits the Fan.
 Proud of success, he flies with eager joy ;
 He seiz'd it thrice, and thrice he dropt the toy.
 As spirits do, he shed a silent tear,
 Snatch'd it away, and with it wings the air.

ALL changing o'er, they were content at length,
 And big with vict'rous hopes display their strength ;
 By me the prize, said *Lydia*, is won,
 There's the best pryal --- *L---d! my Fan is gone.*
 Where is my Fan, is the continual Sound;
 Where is my Fan, the echoing walls rebound ;
 She searches round, but searches still in vain,
 Her eyes shall ne'er behold the toy again.
 Some strive to sooth her grief with friendly chat,
 Others with hartshorn drops, and G--d knows what;
 Among the rest *Judicia* came too,
 Her tongue did more than all the rest could do.
Lydia, she said, we only should be griev'd,
 When ills are such as cannot be retriev'd;
 The loss, 'tis true, a female scarce can bear,
 But does not *Norwich* boast a *Carpenteer*?

Trust

Trust me, that he, who catch'd so well thy face,
 Can ne'er *Sophia's* heavenly charms disgrace.
 Dancing, they say, is certain cure for grief;
 There, in the field of action, seek relief:
 Vict'ry, as yet, to neither is inclin'd;
 Let that exalt thy views and fire thy mind.

SHE said --- in tinsel robes *Ambition* drest
 Appear'd, and gently touch'd the fair one's breast:
 She leaves the thoughtful chair at his command;
 Power walk'd before, and conquest at her hand.
 Certain success her presence now forebodes!
 For say, what mortals can engage such odds?

Love, who beheld the whole with anxious eyes,
 His golden * weights now stretches in the skies;
 In either scale their different fortunes throws,
 In this he puts the belles, in that the beaux:
 The first alas! by much outweigh'd the last,
 And beauty's charms superior far confess.

THO' *Lydia* midst the dance forgets her fate,
 And feels her sorrows for a while abate,
 Yet still they hover round the fair one's head,
 Beset her coach and follow her to bed.
Zephyr's soft heart was by compassion mov'd,
 And tho' the Fan he curs'd, the lady lov'd;

* In Allusion to Jupiter's weighing the Fate of Achilles and Hector.
 POPE'S Homer, Book 22, Line 271.

With eager haste to ease her grief he flies,
 And feeds her fancy, while sleep seal'd her eyes.
 You'll surely not oppose, excelling dame,
 Whate'er the general happiness may claim;
 The FAN, within thy narrow sphere confin'd,
 Shall now extend its breezes o'er mankind.
 Know that it graces *Zephir's* gay abodes,
 Admir'd alike by goddesses and gods:
 To *Zephiretta* I entrust the care,
 Her office chiefly to assist the fair;
 If e'er a blush forbidden shall arise,
 And taint the snowy white with crimson dyes;
 If e'er the church or play too rudely warms,
 The goddesses shall attend, and guard their charms.
 Nor blame the theft, nor yet the loss deplore,
 Thy FAN shall live, when FANS shall be no more.

F I N I S.



